

"Store Service a Hobby with us."

Didsbury Concert Hall

NEXT DOOR TO UNION BANK

WANTED:—Setting hens.
Apply E.N.Boettger, Didsbury

G. A. WRIGGLESWORTH, Phone 41
Didsbury

FOR SALE: - Rough lumber, or will trade for horses. Apply Oscar Keirle, Acme Phone 24.

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is the opinion of all who have once tried

"SALADA"

TEA

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If YOU have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will be in Their Hands

My dear Boys and Girls:

I am printing this week a list of all the boys and girls who are members of our Club, and I should be glad if any of you who have written to me and do not find your names on this list, would write to me at once and I will immediately have your name added.

I still receive very interesting letters from my nephews and nieces and like to read each one. I have sent some birthday cards away, so if you have not already written to tell me your birthday be sure and do so this week as I do not wish to miss one of you.

I suppose you are looking forward to the Easter holidays. It will not be so very long now before they are here, will it, and I am sure you all deserve a holiday after your hard work at school since Christmas. At least I am supposing that you have each worked very hard at school. At any rate if you feel a little prick of conscience as you read this I believe it will cause you to renew efforts to do nothing but your very best each day.

Remember when you work, it is not only to give pleasure to your mother, your father and your teacher, but far more important is the benefit to yourself. I wish more people, big as well as little, could realize that the hard places in life if they are crossed bravely and cheerfully, and the hard lessons if they are learned well are but steps on the road to success, even if the result seems but a failure, that failure in our efforts seem but a failure, yet the very fact that we tried to surmount the difficulty and that we did learn the lesson will mean triumph some day. It is a sure principle and cannot fail. You just remember what Aunt Betty told you as your new elder and I am sure you will find it come true.

Now do not forget to write to Aunt Betty, 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask., just as often as you can and particularly to tell me when your birthdays are.

With love, I remain,

Affectionately yours,

AUNT BETTY.

THE CHOICE OF MARPESSA

Marpessa was the loveliest of all the princesses of ancient Greece. She was wooed by Idas, a noble young hero and Apollo the radiant "god of the sun." Idas was the bolder lover, and one day he carried Marpessa away in his chariot; but Apollo came down from the sky and stopped him and Marpessa had to choose between the man and the god. Apollo was more beautiful than

Idas and he felt sure that Marpessa would marry him; but Marpessa said "No Apollo! You are immortal and will remain forever young and happy. But Idas will grow old as I grow old. He will share my troubles and will cherish and comfort me."

So she married Idas and they lived as happily together in their old age as they did in the flower of their youth; and they had many tall, handsome children to love and help them in the decline of their life.

TINY TOTS

There was a little Rabbit spring. Which being little, was not big; He always walked upon his feet. And never fasted when he eat. When from a place he ran away. He never at that place did stay;

And when he ran as I am told. He never stood still for young or old;

Tho' he'er instructed by a cat He knew a mouse was not a rat. One day as I am certified. He took a whim and fairly died; And, as I'm told by men of sense. He never has been walking since.

March brings breezes loud and shrill Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs Skipping by their fleecy dams.

Remit by Dominion Express Money Order. If lost or stolen, you get your money back.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Dawn came at last and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor—corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large breezy, long-legged letters were engraved the words: "SOUTH WEST WIND ESQUIRE."

South West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. He entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general and used it so effectually that they all adopted a similar line of conduct.

No rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. All their money was gone and they had nothing left but some curious old fashioned pieces of gold plate. "Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans. "It is a good knaves' trade. We can put a good deal of copper in the gold without anyone find-

ing it out." The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade—the first that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second that the two eldest brothers, whenever they did sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace and go and drink out the money in the ale house next door.

(Continued)

List of Club Members

Anna Abrahamson, Preeceville, Sask.
Robert Brown, Central Butte, Sask.
Bright Eyes, Alameda, Sask.
George Brown, Central Butte, Sask.
Mary Levena Byers, Watson, Sask.
Joe Cooper, Lusk, Sask.
Anna Clemons, Foam Lake, Sask.
Viola DeGriff, Erskine, Alta.
Nellie Heater DeGriff, Erskine, Alta.
Marion Fisher, Eak, Sask.
Henry Funk, Petrofka, Sask.
Edith Florence Fleming, Dunsmuir, Minn.
Lucy Ellen Graham, Trossachs, Sask.
Alma Gunther, Langman, Sask.
Blanche Griggs, Davidson, Sask.
Dore Ellen Gray, Trossachs, Sask.
Eva Hunter, Barons, Alta.
Irene Hansen, Eaton, Sask.
Doris Hansen, Eaton, Sask.
Anne Hills, Fishing Lake, Sask.
Ellen Hardy, Laird, Sask.
Lucy Johnston, Hansen, Sask.
Christina Jacobson, Munson, Alta.
Byron Ruman, Rurndale, Alta.
Bertha Kurbell, Birt, Sask.
Florence Lehr, Eaton, Sask.
Alice M. Langdon, Box 20, Enfield, Sask.

Kathleen McElroy, Frohisher, Sask.
Kathleen McElroy, Frohisher, Sask.
Alice Kathleen McKenzie, Dyart, Sask.
James Martin, Froude, Sask.
Jack May, Harewood, Sask.
Molly Mayo, Hazenmore, Sask.
Ruth Newton, Nanton, Alta.
Alicia Nicholls, Cupit, Sask.
Marion Olson, Ulfert, Sask.
Margaret Pettie, Cupit, Sask.
Helen Petrie, Cupit, Sask.
Lula Peoley, Erskine, Alta.
Louise Sales, Rostehrn, Sask.
Violet Turnbull, Birt, Sask.
Maye, Talbot, Carmanagay, Alta.
Ruth Waddington, Alameda, Sask.
Dora Walshaw, Grenfell, Sask.
Rose Watt, Foam Lake, Sask.
Georgia Wells, Redcliff, Alta.
Jacob Wilke, Dupuy, Sask.
Vernie Wigglesworth, Didsbury, Alta.

FOR WISE CHILDREN

If I want to be happy And quick on my toes. I must eat my food slowly And breathe through my nose.

I must press back my shoulders. And hold up my head. And not close my window When going to bed.

I must soap my bath flannel And scrub all I know. And rub till I glow. And rub till I glow.

I must never be idle And lo! in my chair. Or shout like a demon And act like a bear.

I must play and not fidget Read books and not stop. Begin all with a purpose And know when to stop.

I must love what is noble And do what is kind; I must strengthen my body And tidy my mind.

Yes, if I would be healthy And free from all cares, I must do all I've told you And mean all my prayers.

"Martha"

OR THE HOME OF HER ADPTION

BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

Synopsis

Martha, an exceedingly intelligent and beautiful girl of about thirteen years finds herself on the way to Canada from England as the ward of a large institution—there is an accident to the vessel and the passengers are all taken off in life-boats. Martha and her little friend Glady, a charming child, also a ward of the institution, come in contact with a Major who is much interested in Martha and gives her his card, telling her to apply to him if ever she needs help. This gentleman who is a person of much distinction in England has a beautiful wife, two sons and a daughter named Glady, a girl of a great source of anxiety because of her arrogant, wilful ways. The result of one of her scenes is the resignation of her governess, a Miss Stewart, a young woman of a very good family, but reduced in circumstances, who decides to go to Canada to join her brother Robert, a fine young man who is running a large ranch in Saskatchewan. One day as Miss Stewart sits out in the garden an old lady shuffles across the house and asks her some questions about the handsome Levere, then Glady enters and shows her the photograph of a very beautiful child whose name she tells her is "Martha" and who is her grand daughter, but at present a ward of a large institution which sends its children to Canada.

Romance, so far, had not touched Anna Stewart; neither she one of those unfortunate young women who go about imagining that every man whose glance happens to fall accidentally upon them is in love with them. No indeed, Anna's little head was packed far too full of shrewd common sense for that, and then she rated her charms of attraction very low and had sometimes sighed softly in the presence of bolder spirits who seemed to carry every thing by storm and then they would wit. Not that Anna would repine, she believed that it was her duty to busy herself with real things in life and let romance take care of itself. But hidden in the depths of her heart, too deep for the ordinary eye to discern was a wealth of poetry, imagination and romance which would prove a treasure trove indeed to love's adventurer who would recognize the pure gold and take the citadel of her heart by storm.

But nevertheless, Anna could not help observing that the man across the dining table from her regarded her very closely and scrutinizingly, and that if she looked over at him frankly and unconcernedly his face would flush in the most unaccountable manner. She heard that the stanger's name was Ferguson, Dr. Allan Ferguson and that he was a wonderfully clever man in his profession.

"Where does he live?" asked Anna, casually, feeling that as the conversation had turned upon him, it could not be out of place for her to make this simple query. "Oh, my dear in some horribly outlandish part of the west, north Saskatchewan, I believe," replied a somewhat affected lady of middle age, whose destination was Ottawa, and who evidently imagined that the beginning, end and middle of the world lay in that vicinity.

ROYAL YEAST is now made in square cakes.

The number of cakes in a package has been reduced from six to five, but the five square cakes are equal in quantity to the six round cakes.

Each cake is wrapped in wax paper, insuring perfect keeping qualities.

Royal Yeast Cakes—make perfect bread

E.W. GILBERT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA

"He is horribly clever though!" remarked another. "But he has some sort of idea that they need him out there more than we do in the east and there he stays. I suppose he's right," she continued with a yawn, but it must be a strain to be so dreadfully enthusiastic as to have to live in a country where the snow is on the ground about eleven months in the year."

Anna's eyes looked very large. Snow eleven months in the year, why it must be even worse than Robert said, of course she didn't mind, she was going to live with Robert, but still eleven months' snow was rather much.

"Oh now Mrs. Clayton, expatiated a pretty little widow who had lived in Saskatchewan when her husband was alive. "You will frighten Miss Stewart; it's not so bad as that my dear," she said turning to Anna, "there is only eight months' winter, at least you are sure of about four months of good weather."

"I don't mind," smiled Anna, "I am going to my brother, not to seek a pleasant climate."

Just then the subject of the discussion appeared, saying, "Is there a nurse amongst you ladies? There is a mother and child who needs attention down in the cabin. The stewardess cannot do what is necessary and so I appeal to you."

"I am not a trained nurse," said Anna, "but I have had some experience with sick people and shall be glad to assist if you care to have me."

Dr. Ferguson looked gratefully and appreciatively at her. He was quite satisfied evidently with her neat, capable appearance and his white, firm hands, because he said:

"I think you will do, thank you Miss Stewart."

"Stewart," replied Anna, "Anna Stewart" (To be continued)

LETTER TO AUNT BETTY

Didsbury, Alta.,

Feb. 27th, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betty: I like to read your letter in our Pioneer. My birthday is on September the 18th. I will be 10 years old next September. I live on a farm 3 miles from Didsbury. I have got one brother and three sisters. Three of us ride on one horse to school, it is over three miles away. There is a large lake on our place. We have lots of fun skating in winter, and riding on a raft in summer. We go to Sunday School and church in Didsbury. Every other Sunday is missionary Sunday. That day we are supposed to bring extra collection. My brother and I have a pony, his name is Bingo. I guess I will close now.

From
VERNIE WRIGGLESWORTH,
Didsbury, Alta.

WANTED
Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortune have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request.
HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO.
PATENT ATTORNEYS
30 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS - OTTAWA, CANADA

INVENTIONS

The only way to find success quickly without working for it, is to look it up in the dictionary. — Business Language.

If you have a better product than the other fellow, tell the world about it and tell them often—else they will never know it—Premium Pointers.

Then the Fun Began



Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Looking for Building Boom in Calgary

Officials in the building department of the city of Calgary anticipate a splendid year of construction and early indications point to it as being one of the best since long before the war. Reports from all quarters are coming into the department and a busy time in the building trade may be looked for early.

Take Law in Own Hands

Several hundred pigs ran wild through the streets and yards in the East Buffalo section recently when 200 women, weary of waiting for city ordinances to regulate livestock driving through the streets, took the law into their own hands. Finding the drivers obdurate, the women attacked them with sticks and stones. The pigs scattered during the melee. A detail of policemen quelled the riot, the drivers were cut and bruised, but seemed much concerned over the loss of their charges. The department of public health and public safety have had under consideration for several weeks, ordinances forbidding the promiscuous driving of pigs through the streets.

King to Abdicate

A despatch to the London Times from Cairo says it is stated in well informed circles there that Hussein Ben Ali, King of the Hadjaz has advised the British Government that he intends to abdicate if his claims with regard to Arabia are not settled by March 21.

Cattle Winter Well on Sunflower Seeds

Alberta in the near future will be known as "the Sunflower Province of Canada," if forecast of several leading dairymen and stockgrowers is realized. Following a visit to the C.P.R. experimental farm at Strathmore, the delegation were enthusiastic over the way in which the stock had passed the winter on this diet.

Shoots Man Then Gives Himself Up

David Siddall recently walked up to the police station at Port Arthur and reported that he had shot and wounded a man named Kirkpatrick at Hurlett, thirty miles east of Port Arthur. He was placed under arrest and later given bail. His story is that Kirkpatrick was attempting to take a cow, ownership disputed, from his barn and that he threatened Siddall with a knife when he interfered. Siddall shot Kirkpatrick in the leg then gave first aid and took him to his own home before reporting it to the police.

Oil Well Flowing Freely

Advices received from Fort Macpherson dated Feb. 15 and brought by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police expedition which left Dawson about the first of the year, say that letters received from Fort Norman say that the oil well there is flowing 1500 barrels daily. When oil was struck it shot 15 to 20 feet above the derrick which was eighty feet high. The pressure blew the cap off ten times during the first six hours. The first oil stampeder via Fort Macpherson reached the place from Fort Yukon via the Arctic Red River.

Mortally Wounded by Armed Robbers

A druggist, of Toronto, Leonard Cecil Sabine, was shot and fatally wounded late Sunday night by one of two bandits who entered his store as he was making up his cash before closing. Sabine died after an operation was performed to extract the bullet which had lodged in the abdomen. In a statement made in the hospital before the operation, Sabine said that immediately upon entering the store the bandits pressed two revolvers against his body and ordered him to open the cash register. When he refused to do so one of the gunmen cursed him and sent a bullet into his body. Sabine fell to the floor and the robbers gathered up what cash they could and hastily departed.

Condemned to Die, Then Acquitted

From the death cell, convicted of murder, to a jury verdict of "not guilty" on the same evidence that caused conviction was the unusual career of Harry Dundas and Richard Wilson. Four months ago these men were in the death cell with the rollers built, convicted of murdering Thomas O'Donnell, an aged watchman. A last minute stay gave them a new trial and last week a jury found them both not guilty.

Teachers Issue Ultimatum

The following statement was issued last week by the executive of the Calgary Teachers' Alliance: "The Alliance resolution will stand and the teachers of the city schools cease work on the morning of Friday, March 11. If any further negotiations are undertaken the Alliance schedule must be the basis of negotiations between the school board and teachers." The resolution specifically demands that the Alliance schedule must be recognized and satisfactorily adjusted and the Alliance maintains that the schedule cannot be satisfactorily adjusted without being discussed clause by clause.

No Reduction in Coal

Eleven large coal operators of the Drumheller valley, members of the Red Deer Valley Operators' Association, have declared their emphatic intention that they will abide by the coal prices fixed by Fuel Commissioner Armstrong and that there will be no reduction until a wage reduction takes place. This was occasioned by the action of one operator in reducing the price of coal last week.

Dead from Asphyxiation

Emil Rothschild, former millionaire grain dealer and president of the Rothschild Grain Company, was found dead from asphyxiation in his home at Omaha, Neb., last week. Gas was pouring from the burners of a stove. Mr. Rothschild had been suffering from a nervous breakdown following severe financial reverses.

Garage Man Beaten and Robbed

William A. Bail, a former well-known hotel keeper in the west end of Toronto, who is now conducting a public garage, was brutally beaten by two thugs in his private garage in the rear of his home last week and robbed of \$150 in cash, a diamond tie pin, valued at \$1,500, and cheques to the amount of \$35. The bandits quietly got away in an automobile.

Fire Destroys Store in Kamaskok

A serious fire broke out in Kalmakoff & Verigin's general store at six o'clock a week ago last Sunday, and completely gutted the warehouse. The volunteer fire brigade did excellent work, and although the whole block which is on Main Street is built up of wooden structures, they confined the fire to the one building and even that as destroyed only on the inside.

Homeless for Northern Wilds

The noted explorer, Vilhjalm Stefansson, who is in Toronto at present stated recently that the North was calling him. He said he wanted to do another exploration trip. "I shall probably go in 1922," he said in an interview, "but I don't know yet under what auspices." Mr. Stefansson said that the report of his expedition of 1913 to 1918 would be issued by the government in fifteen volumes.

Object to Dawson City Mail Service

A letter has been received from the Dawson City branch of the G.W.V.A. protesting that the winter mail service from White Horse to that city is entirely inadequate, and that there are tens of second and third class matter lying at White Horse. The Dominion executive will take up the protest with post office department.

Saved by Hockey Stick

Frank Anglin, son of an prominent politician, Kingston, Ont., was saved from drowning recently almost by a miracle. The boy was skating on the harbor ice when a thin piece failed to hold his weight and caved in. The young fellow, with presence of mind, used his hockey stick to swim above water by laying it on solid ice.

City Firemen Get Day Off

A constitutional bill, committee of the legislature in Toronto, recently threw out a bill providing for one day off in seven for all fire fighters. It is to apply only to cities of over 100,000 where double platoon system is in operation. The resolution providing for the establishment of a two platoon system in all permanent fire departments in Ontario dropping the clause imposing a penalty on fire chiefs for violation of the act.

Repeals Daylight Saving Laws

The Senate, at Albany, New York, last week passed the daylight saving repeal bill. It now goes to Governor Miller for his approval. It is considered that the Governor will sign it. The measure gives to cities and incorporated villages the right to adopt daylight saving ordinances if they so desire.

Demand Higher Pay

The entire teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont., tendered their resignations to take effect March 31, if the Board of Education does not in the meantime meet their salary increase demands. A minimum of \$2,000, and a maximum of \$3,000 is asked, while a tentative schedule of increase has been submitted to take effect this year.

Oldest Mason Dies

Enjoying for barely a month, following the death of L. H. Stearns, the title of the oldest Mason in Canada, Thos. Jefferson Winslip died at his residence last week at the age of eighty-two.

Clay Discovered in Saskatchewan Suitable for China

An interesting discovery, which may become of great importance in the future, has recently been made in connection with clay which can be used for the production of fine porcelain china, bricks, terra cotta, floor and wall tile, pottery and hotel ware. Many articles manufactured from this clay are at present on exhibition in Miss Paschal's studio in Hunter's, Limited, Regina, Saskatchewan, and are attracting a large number of interested visitors. Miss Paschal, feeling convinced that Saskatchewan clay could be used for her purpose, decided some time ago to get some specimens and at East End and Knollys she discovered some valuable fine clay, almost white in its natural state. She afterwards persuaded the government to have tests made of it and the tests proved that the local clay was as good, and in some cases better, than that formerly obtained in the United States. The terra cotta obtained from this clay is of excellent color and texture for use in building construction, both interior and exterior. The floor tile on exhibit is made up of a variety of shapes and colors, and is of sufficient hardness to endure many hard knocks and prevent excessive absorption of water. The china is said to be equal to any on the American market.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Parish Priest to Be Shipped to Candiac For Burial

Rev. Father John Szezyta, parish priest of the Roman Catholic Church at Candiac, died in the Grey Nuns hospital recently, after an illness of about three weeks following an operation. Rev. Father Szezyta was a parish priest at Candiac for the past five years and was well known in this district. Burial is to be made at Candiac. The priest was a native of Poland.

\$20,000 Damages for Son's Death

An action was started against the C.N.R. for damages for the death of a young man, who was killed in a collision with a car at a crossing near Regina, by counsel for Mrs. Annie Maria Speers, Prince Albert whose son Sydney Albert was killed in a wreck on the C.N.R. line between Regina and North Battleford in March, 1920. In her statement of claim the plaintiff declares the deceased was her only support. He was employed as a locomotive fireman by the C.N.R. and was killed almost instantly near Drakbald when his engine rolled down an embankment.

Provincial Bonds Having Quick Sale

Sales of the recent \$3,000,000 worth of provincial bonds in year six per cent, gold bonds are selling well in Regina, it is understood. While these bonds last year they are selling at 99 and interest, which guarantees the investor a yield of six per cent. on his investment. Being free from succession duties and running for a period of fifteen years with no principal repayable until the end of the term, the bonds should be very attractive to investors. They provide an excellent opportunity for anyone with money to invest.

Garage Burned

Two cars, two cats and a tractor, the property of the Canada Land and Irrigation Company was destroyed by fire at Medicine Hat a week ago. Insurance of \$9,000 was carried.

Plea For Christians

Makshym Frapp Capetelli, patriot of Constantinople, has arrived in London, to plead the cause of Christians in the Near East, before representatives of the allied nations now gathered in this city.

Invades Georgia

Batum is being evacuated by the allied traders and bankers and by some refugees who reached the city from Tiflis. Russian Bolshevik troops in large numbers are invading Georgia from all directions it is said in despatches received in Constantinople.

Won Football Fortune

Mrs. Milton of Regina was recently the fortunate winner of a valuable prize in the Post football competition, the prize amounting to almost \$3,000.00. The prize came as a windfall to Mrs. Milton, who speaks of the amount as a fortune and is very grateful for her good luck. She has three children and the money is mostly to be used in improving the little shack in which they live.

Farwell of Wilson

President Wilson last week met with his cabinet for the last time and at the meeting's close said farewell to the ten men who have been his official advisers, four of them since he entered the White House in 1918.

500 Butchers Walk Out

Five hundred butchers, employees of the Davies Packing Company and Montreal slaughterhouse, have gone on strike because of a proposed wage increase and shorter hours. The strike paralyzed operations at the Montreal cattle market. The masters claim the cause of the difference is that the men are asking for an increase of three cents an hour together with a reduction of working hours at present 55 hours per week. The men, on the other hand, assert that their employers seek to reduce wages by from 12 to 20 per cent and increase working hours.

Britain Not Bound to Aid Japan

Cecil Harmsworth, upper secretary for foreign affairs, replying to the House of Commons, London, England, to a question by Frederick Hall, as to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, said that in case that country were drawn into a conflict with the U. S. British relations with Japan had so far remained unimpaired that Great Britain would not be involved in such a struggle. Sir Frederick Hall also asked whether the United States had been given assurances of this state of affairs in connection with its naval construction program, and the under secretary replied that no official communication had been made as there was no reason to believe that the responsible parties were in doubt regarding the truth of the matter.

Strike in Poland

A wireless message sent from Soviet Russia encouraging the Polish strikers in their effort to better their conditions, by urging them to confine the strike to the better end of the line, was intercepted by the Polish Government. Seventeen wholesale dealers in foodstuffs have been arrested in Warsaw. One of the contentions of the strikers was that food prices had been increased by hoards and hoards owing to law methods of the Government in dealing with profiteers.

Jamaica Wants Preference For Citrus Fruit

The Canadian Government to grant a preference to Jamaica citrus fruits against importations from the United States. The matter is being backed by the British Government.

Inquest on Dead Sailor

An inquest has recently been held into the murder of Captain John Perry, former master mariner who was brutally clubbed to death on his own doorstep and then was thrown into the backyard to die. From the evidence it would appear that Perry had lain in agony for over half an hour while his daughter Eleanor calmly washed his dishes from his supper party and his wife stood in the hallway to all appearances unmoved. Another witness stated that the victim had often said he was afraid of foul play and had made two previous attempts to murder him, one by poisoned cake and the other time by tampering with the steps to the cellar.

Three Girls Shot in Dublin

Three girls and two men were wounded recently in Dublin when an armed patrol exchanged shots with a party of men which attacked it. Two soldiers were seen to fall during the fighting. The arrests were crowded with pedestrians during the affray. One man was killed and two seriously injured when a military patrol fired on a group in a field near Tipperary. The men were said to have been drilling in a field near Crown forces killed one man and wounded two and captured arms, ammunition and a plan for an ambush.

Burned to Death

John Hatt, of St. Stephen, N.B., 60 years of age, was recently burned to death when a motor truck which he was driving skidded on some ice, turned turtle and took fire. Hatt was pinned to the ground and the weight of the truck prevented his being rescued.

Seaplane Kills Two Negroes at Basking Beach

After doing stunts until it ran into a kite flown by a small boy and the string became hooked to its tail, a seaplane piloted by John W. Alcorn, a former circus performer, swept low over a bathing beach frequented by negroes and with its left wing just clearing the sands, killed two negro women, injured two negro children and another negro woman so severely that they died a few hours later. Alcorn was arrested pending an investigation while the authorities began to search for a woman and man who had been his passengers. The seaplane after the accident landed on the water with a broken wing.

Democratic Leader Dead

Champ Clark died at Washington last week, in his seventy-first year and within two days of his retirement from the House of Representatives after a service of twenty-six years. Death was due to an attack of pleurisy and a complication of diseases incident to his advanced age. The late Champ Clark was best known in Canada through his famous speech advocating annexation of Canada by the United States during the discussion of reciprocity proposals of 1911. He said that nine-tenths of the people of the United States wanted annexation of Canada and his declaration that the reciprocity treaty would make Canada "an adjunct of the United States" was very largely instrumental in defeating the proposal sponsored by the Laurier Government in the Dominion election of 1911.

Halifax Rain Swept

A heavy wind and rain storm swept over the city of Halifax recently and the lower sections of the city were turned into rivers of water. During the height of the storm there was one vivid flash of lightning and a crash of thunder.

Miners Idle

Two hundred miners of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, are out of employment because of the closing down of the Brass D'Ore Coal Company's mine. The reason for closing down the mines is lack of coal orders.

Shackleton Ready For Trip

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer is to leave in May or June on his latest expedition to the Arctic. He will take with him a dozen men, chiefly those who accompanied him on former expeditions, and he contemplates being away about ten years.

The Norwegian whaling boat Focul has been ordered to leave the city for the expedition, and will in all probability first proceed to Hudson Bay where 150 dogs will be taken on board. Thence the expedition will proceed by way of Baffin Bay, which will be reached, it is expected, by the end of July, provided ice conditions are favorable, through Lancaster Sound to Axel Heibergs Land. From there Sir Ernest intends to explore the islands around to Perry Island, this being the main object of the expedition.

Alberta Farmers Look For Seeding

With but very little frost in the ground and with balmy spring weather prevailing, farmers in the district immediately south of Calgary expect to begin their spring operations very early this season.

Speed

Mrs. Murphy had received a cablegram from her son in India saying that he would be home shortly. She showed it to her neighbor, Mrs. Casey.

"Wonderful quick things these telegrams, ain't they?" said Mrs. Casey.

"Quick ain't the word for it; the gum ain't dry yet what's on the envelope."

Always in Luck

Mr. Isaacstein approached a taxi-driver and asked what would be the fare for himself, his wife, and children to a certain road.

The cabbie asked five shillings, and Mr. Isaacstein, remarking that this was a sporting price, offered to toss the cabbie double or quits.

The cabbie consented, and won the toss, whereupon the would-be passenger turned to his wife and said, in despairing tones: "Just my luck, Rachel! Now we shall have to walk home!"

Tales of Our Own Country

Dealing with Matters of Interest to all Canadians—The Incomparable Resources of Our Country—The Beauty of Its Landscapes—The Possibilities of Regions Almost Unexplored.

THE SIOUX CREE—HOW PIAPOT GOT HIS NAME—AN EXPEDITION OF WAR AND PLUNDER—THE AMBUSH BY THE WATER HOLE—STEALING A BRIDE.

Many of the old timers of the plains will remember the famous Indian Chief Piapot. He was a great old rascal in his latter days, but had a great deal of natural shrewdness combined with the unusual quality in an Indian of humor. He was for a number of years the chief of one of the reserves of the Mospowetung Agency which was situated in the Qu'Appelle Valley, about thirty miles north of Regina.

As a comparatively young man he commanded a party of Cree, Saulteaux nor Assiniboi, but a mixture of all three, who were famous hunters and notorious thieves. They were known as the "Young Dogs" and had a very bad reputation among the people of the plains. Later, when the railway came to the country, Piapot gained a good deal of notoriety by his turbulent behaviour. The story has often been told how he attempted to stop construction at Maple Creek and how he and his band were intimidated by a couple of North West Mounted Police. After he settled on his reserve in the Qu'Appelle Valley he contented himself with grumbling at the parsimony of the government and making speeches on great occasions.

A Mean Man

On one occasion when the Governor General of Canada, Lord Stanley Preston, I think, attended a great pow-wow of Indians in the vicinity of Fort Qu'Appelle, Piapot made a wonderful speech. As usual he complained bitterly about the parsimony of the government and referred in scathing terms to the meanness of the Indian Agent.

"Why," he declared in the grandiloquent Cree of the council lodge, "he is a mean man that carries a little bag around with him in his pocket into which he blows his nose for fear that by chance he may blow away something of value."

Piapot, although he talked the Cree language, was neither of Cree nor Saulteaux blood, nor was he a hereditary chief. The name Piapot really means the Sioux Cree, and that was a correct description of the wily old Indian. His father was said to be a Cree and his mother was a woman of the Sioux people. There used to be a very interesting story current about the father and mother of Piapot.

An Old Tale

As we stated before he was not a hereditary chief, nor was he of aristocratic tribal lineage. The father of Piapot was an ordinary common, everyday young Indian, but of an exceedingly enterprising nature. When quite a young man he survived the ordeal of the Sun Dance which qualified him to be a brave, or rather gave him the status of a probationer, because no matter how stupidly a young Indian might bear the cutting and slashing and torturing imposed at the ceremonial torture, he could not enter upon his full status as a warrior until he had performed some act of valor in the way of stealing horses from his enemy or killing his man from ambush or in battle. He was poor and had very little of the Indian gear and could not command a following. He had, however, one good here, and after his wounds inflicted at the ordeal of the Sun Dance had healed, made up his mind to engage in an individual exploit that should bring him fame and favor

in the eyes of the dusky maidens of the camp.

An Expedition

He was too poor to possess even the trade musket at that time provided by the Hudson's Bay Company, which were manufactured in Birmingham in job lots and shipped to the various trading posts by Hudson Bay, were highly prized treasures in the hands of the Indians. He had a good horse, however, and he spent much time in the bush that bordered the creek in an endeavor to procure a good willow from which to make a really serviceable bow. The branch was eventually discovered and much pains were taken to fashion and season it. The girls of the camp jeered at his somewhat poverty-stricken preparations and asked him if he were making preparations to capture a squaw.

Coated into reply he said: "Perhaps I will, and when I come back with all my coups, it won't be for anyone in this camp."

Accordingly one night very quietly he mounted his horse and started on his adventure.

At that time the Cree nations were at deadly war with the Blackfeet of the foothill country, and the young brave had intended his crusade against the ancient enemies of his tribe. But when he reached the Pine of Bones Creek, he met some Crees returning from a hunting expedition and they told him that a large party of American Sioux had come up from the Yellowstone region and were somewhere in the vicinity of Wood Mountain, probably waiting to attack the half breed buffalo hunters when they came out to the plains in the summer from the Red River.

The Sioux

Accordingly the young adventurer crossed the Moose Jaw Creek and going by Old Wives' Lake, travelled to the south country. Somewhere about the Lake of the River he saw the smoke signals which betokened the presence of the Sioux. Now the Sioux were the most aggressive Indians of the plains. They were active, enterprising and splendid hunters, and were the only Indians who really pitted themselves in open warfare against the more timid buffalo hunters. No formal state of warfare existed between them and the Crees, but they were always at daggers drawn with the Metis hunters, and the Crees were looked upon as their allies, and very often Sioux and Cree fought when they met. The Sioux, however, was far and away the boldest and the best fighters and used to express considerable contempt for their Cree enemies.

The young Cree concealed his horse in a ravine not very far from Wood Mountain and stripping himself to brash-clout and moccasins and daubing himself all over with vermilion paint, he set himself out to spy upon the Sioux encampment. The Sioux, however, were in the country of their enemies and no horses were allowed to stray far from the camp.

The Water Hole

The young Cree found out that some of the Sioux were in the habit of coming down to get water in a clear little creek that followed the course of a wooded ravine which cut into the sides of a hill not far from their encampment.

He made up his mind to lie in wait there and seize a favorable opportunity to obtain a scalp.

One moonlight night he brought his horse in and tied him up in the bush where he was not likely to be found by any stray prowlers from the camp.

He then set himself down in an

ambush to watch the water hole. The Sioux did not appear to be very thirsty that night, and no drawers of water put in an appearance. It was a fine summer night. The moon was riding high in a cloudless sky and every once in a while the mixed noises of the camp were brought to him on the breeze.

As the camp sounds died down and the coyotes set up their howling, he made up his mind that there was nothing doing that night and was just about to move away when he was aware of two persons approaching the clearing. One was a sturdy savage of middle age whose trapings betokened a chief of some consequence. The other was a

young girl who despite the shapeless blanket in which she was shrouded, walked with the ease and grace of a young wild thing characteristic of the younger women of the Sioux people. She was expostulating with her male companion, who seemed to be commanding her in harsh and arbitrary tones. They halted in the midst of the glade beside the water hole and the Indian menaced the girl with a rawhide quirt which he carried dangling from his wrist.

A Winged Shaft

The young Cree fitted an arrow to the string, and as he did so the belt and robe fell away from the body of the Sioux and his naked chest gleamed like bronze in the moonlight.

The twang and the war arrow, with detachable point, buried itself in the breast of the Sioux chief. The victim staggered for a minute, attempted to pull the missile from his breast and then fell over.

A Scalp

The young Cree bounded from his ambush and leaped upon his fallen enemy. It only took a second to remove a portion of his scalp. He then ran like a deer after the girl who was speeding in the direction of the camp. She ran silently and did not make a sound although she must have known that one cry would have brought every warrior to her assistance. It would have been a pity for the young Cree to have sent another winged shaft after her and then to have added her scalp to his trophies, but live women were greater prizes than dead ones, and he determined to take her home with him.

A Captive

He ran her down in a few bounds, and stifling her voice in her blanket, seized her in his arms and hurried to his horse. By daylight they were far on their way towards the Qu'Appelle. He had loosened the rawhide thong with which he had bound her, and riding behind him on the horse, he felt her arms tighten around his waist.

He reined his horse in safely and gained much honor by the display of the scalp and his captive. This Sioux woman became his chief wife and long ruled in his lodge. Old people say she was the mother of Piapot.

In a certain prison there have been several attempts to commit suicide. The warders are "fed up." This desire to die has given them much trouble and anxiety.

A few days ago a warder entered a cell to find the inmate preparing to hang himself. He was standing on his stool, and trying to throw the end of a strip of torn blanket round one of the cell bars. The other end was round his neck; "You're making a mess of it," said the weary warder. "Let me help you."

In a trice the blanket rope was about the bar, and the noose was properly fixed.

The warder gave a tug. He tugged and tugged until the man was raised from the stool—until he was standing on air. There he was held until his eyes and hands made eloquent appeal for release.

"That's all right," said the warder, releasing him. "Now, try it yourself."

But the prisoner has not tried it. He had decided to live.

More than 5,000,000 head of cattle fatten in the Irish pastures. Of the herd, about one-third are milch cows.

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN

MRS. ASQUITH AGAIN—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. A PREDATORY CITY—COMPARISONS—NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES—DIFFERENT TYPES OF AMERICANS.

The intimate diary of Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the former British Prime Minister, still runs on. In these columns some time ago, I passed some rather severe strictures upon the lady and her writings. This criticism still holds. Her effusions are remarkable exhibitions of intellectual and social snobbishness, combined with flashes of near genius and intensive personality, but nevertheless they are of absorbing interest and remarkable frankness.

Many autobiographies have been written but the great majority of them are shown of their vitality by a lack of frankness and what is possibly a very proper regard for convention.

Mrs. Asquith, however, is not troubled by any of these things. She calls her diary "intimate," and at times it is so intimate that it is startling. Whatever may be its faults it is exactly what it purports to be. Most of its defects are those of its author's character, and must not be attributed to the book. There is mighty little concealment in it, and if we are somewhat repelled by the extraordinary egotism of its author, we are lost in astonishment at the honesty, or frankness, or arrogance or whatever it may be called which induces her to undress both mentally and physically before a gaping public.

We Anglo-Saxons have been called a race of hypocrites, shrouding ourselves, our failings and our virtues behind a veil of convention. Mrs. Asquith has thrown this drape aside, as if it had never existed and tells us about her love affairs, her feelings, and takes us into those intimate chambers where even the members of the family circle do not penetrate in well ordered households. She does not exactly tell us, but we gather that she dismisses the lingerie night robes so dear to her sex, and wears pyjamas to sleep in; only its difficult to conceive of her ever going to bed, far less sleeping.

She has given us some extraordinarily vivid glimpses of the personal life of people whose names have been household words in Britain. Her treatment of Dr. Jowett, the great Master of Balliol at Oxford, and her reference to his love affair with Florence Nightingale is startling to say the least of it. It is almost as if the Apostle Paul had been making love to the mother-in-law of St. Peter.

It would not be proper to call Mrs. Asquith's diary a great book. It is hardly that; but it is exactly what it purports to be, and owing to her personality, her undoubted ability and temperance, and her remarkable opportunity for observation, it is being consumed with interest and avidity by a tremendous section of the British public, and after all that is the gauge of a successful publication. The worst that may be said of it is that it is sure to set a standard for this class of writing and will be followed by an irritation of books modelled upon it, written by men and women who have neither Mrs. Asquith's ability nor personality.

I recently paid a flying visit to New York. I do not like this Babylonish city. Although it is perhaps the cleanest metropolis in the world, and its great skyscrapers, and cavernous streets, and thronging traffic daunts the mind of pigmy man, New York preys upon the body economic of the country. It exacts its tribute upon the products of America which pass through its gates, and with a brazen clapper for a tongue, pretends to constructive achievement. It is a place of middle men, of a piratical crew who take their toll from the accomplishment of others. Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and other cities supply the goods, and New York descends upon them and steals a goodly share as they pass along the highway of commerce.

Have you ever noticed the difference, you who travel, between the type of Americans who live their predatory lives in New York and those who abide in such places as Detroit, Chicago or St. Louis? The New Yorker of the business district at least, is slim, secretive, sinister, and coldly selfish. He seems imperious to the warmer emotions and buys his very vices at a bargain counter. He thinks he is sophisticated, but he is really an ornate provincial. He has a still, frozen face, which, towards middle age, becomes marked with the wintry lines of cupidity and a base selfishness. There is of course—as everywhere—a saving remnant of decency. In the avon there are a fish-blooded, piratical lot. The Broadway roisterers of cafe and cabaret are not New Yorkers. They are visitors from out of town. You don't catch natives making a goodly double handed to the winds as do those people. If a genuine resident of Manhattan Island should, from some hope of gain, invite you to partake of food with him at one of the gaudy hostilities with which the city is bespangled, he will at once proceed to advise you as to the proper gratuities to the attendants, and caution you against the egregious sin of generosity to hat checkers, waiters and other satellites who administer to comfort and pleasure. Such advice always offends me, and seems an index to New York character.

The Chicago man or Detroit is different. He engages in industry, or commerce; he is a worker, and he bears the characteristics of creative force. Just cast a look around the roundabouts of the city in the days of his youth, and he is reputed to be worth millions. A forceful-looking person in early middle age, with premature grey hair and the pallor of the city in his cheeks, is the head of a bank that provides great sums for all kinds of constructive enterprise. Another with the healthy tan of the out-of-doors on his face and wearing a wide Stetson is a land man from Texas who has settled and made productive a region as big as many a European kingdom. Politicians with speculative eyes and an air of combined affability and self-repression consult together in a corner; and there is a considerable leaven of these over-nosed Hebrews. They are not an academic crowd, but unlike the New Yorkers, they are the type of people who are really doing things to build up their wonderful country.

If your grocer were greedy for profits he would not be content to sell and recommend Red Rose Tea at a less profit than he makes on other teas.

But it is a fact that he does make less on Red Rose than on other teas, and he recommends it because he knows its quality is the best.

Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

The other evening we attended a moving picture theatre. I do not often attend, but each time we do go we are impressed with the great power for good—or evil—that the moving pictures might be and each time, we deplore the class of picture that is shown, the silly sentiment, impossible situations and puerile ideas were all there. We think that the evil of intoxicating liquor is a very great one; but if there is any nationwide influence that holds an insidious menace to the ideals and morality of our youth, we think it is in the present-day moving pictures. Why portray scenes from the underworld; why dwell continually on the seamy side of life, which only brings to our children a precocious knowledge of the evil in the world before they are old enough to be able to weigh right and wrong in the balance and to recognize the hideousness of sin? There is beauty, there is true love, there is noble sacrifice and purity in the world, and these are the things which we desire instilled into the hearts and minds of those who in future years are to take our places in the world. Is it not important that public opinion should ban the play which does not uplift that we, as individuals, should do our part to throw such plays into disrepute by refusing to attend such exhibitions. If the producers found that the people frowned on blood-curdling plays, on sickly sentiment, and low ideals and that there was no demand for such material, they would hasten to raise their standard and would soon have pictures which would be morally uplifting and thrilling too. Pictures which would appeal to the best, not the worst in us, and which would be a help, not a menace to our youth.

A short notice in the newspapers recently mentioning Sarah Bernhardt as receiving the Order of the Legion of Honor, one of the highest honors which can be conferred on an individual in France, draws our attention to that marvellous woman who, by her superb acting at one time took the world by storm. She is unique, from the fact that her capabilities so pronounced, have not gone only in one direction. She has achieved renown as an artist, and a sculptor, and was also the possessor of a remarkable voice. Now, in her seventy-sixth year, she is engaged in writing short stories which bear the inimitable stamp of genius. She is very temperamental, but her amazing power of emotional acting, the extraordinary realism and pathos of her death scenes, the magnanimity of her personality and the beauty of her voice made the public tolerant of her occasional caprices. Whatever her faults she has been a bright star in the firmament of genius in our age, and we think of her passing with regret.

We were reading this week an old book, but it gripped us with a sense of reality and strength which the newer books cannot do. It was Charlotte Brontë's "Jane

Eyre," and as always when reading a book by the Brontës, we are impressed by the power and strength displayed in the writings of those sisters who, in the retired seclusion of their quiet country home, penned such remarkable stories of life in an active, bustling world.

Everyone is marvelling at the wonderfully mild winter we have had, and it is very interesting to hear some of the old worthies tell of blizzards and snowdrifts of past years, and then again we hear of winters which have been almost spring the whole season through. Whatever the past may have been, or may not have been, we are very grateful for the present clemency and we love the face of the prairie when she smiles and is kindly towards us. She is, no doubt, rigorous, but after all it is her strength and vigor which makes her beautiful, and at the present time, we doubt if in all the world there is a more prosperous place in which to live than on the western prairies.

Prairie Woman is anxious to receive letters from all who are interested in this page. She is open to secure information for you and to give advice on all matters of human and domestic interest. Address: "Prairie Woman," 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Some Saskatchewan Laws for Women

As "Prairie Woman" has had several inquiries relative to the Act which grants aid to indigent expectant mothers, she is printing this information again. The money, as is explained, may be obtained by making application through the vital statistics registrar of the district in which the mother lives, and should receive his approval, or that of the referee of the municipality, before being sent to the Commissioner of Public Health. If this information is not satisfactory, "Prairie Woman" will be glad to reply to further inquiries.

AID TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

To those who do not know, it may be of interest to learn that any expectant mother in the province who, for financial reasons, may be unable to procure the necessary hospital, nursing aid or clothing for herself or her expected child, may obtain assistance to the extent of \$25.00 by making application to the Commissioner of Public Health. Such application should be made through the vital statistics registrar of the district in which she lives, and should receive his endorsement or approval, or that of the secretary-treasurer or referee of the municipality, or of someone else in an official position.

This assistance is not given in cities or towns, but is intended especially for mothers in outlying districts where the doctor is put to a heavy expense in attending the patient. The money may be applied in bringing such a mother to the hospital and it may be arranged to pay it direct to the hospital or to the nurse, or in fact, it may be applied in any way which in the opinion of the Commissioner of Public Health, will prove of most benefit to the expectant mother.

The Province of Saskatchewan or the only province doing this work in Canada, and indeed it is not carried on anywhere else in North America.

Our Musical Column

"MARITANA"

It is a fact that the great mass of people really do not enjoy Grand Opera. It is also a fact that a great number say they enjoy it because they feel that they should do so, and because they know that an appreciation of the best in music is one of the hallmarks of culture. Now it is right to appreciate good music, but it is wrong to fake an appreciation that is not felt when there are so many means in these days of the Talking Machine and the Player Piano of really hearing the very best music.

We often think that if people only knew the stories upon which the music of the Grand Operas are based, it would be a great help to an appreciation of the wonderful passages which are sung and played by the great artists of the world. This week we are giving the history of the opera entitled "MARITANA" which is a romantic opera in three acts.

Libretto by Edward Fitzball. Music by William Vincent Wallace.

Characters

Charles II. King of Spain Bass
Don Jose De Santarem, his Minister Baritone
Don Caesar De Bazan Tenor
Marquis De Montefiore Bass
Lazarillo Mezzo-Soprano
Maritana, a gypsy singer, Soprano
Marchioness De Montefiore Soprano

Time and Place—The scene is laid in Madrid, at the time of Charles II.

ACT I

Scene—A Public Place in Madrid
The opening scene shows a band of gypsies singing in the streets. The young King Charles listens and is fascinated by the beauty of Maritana, one of the gypsies. The crafty Don Jose, the King's minister, extols her charms to his Majesty, hoping that the king will compromise himself so that (Don Jose) can inform the Queen and further his own designs on Her Majesty. Don Caesar, a jovial cavalier, and a former friend of Don Jose's, appears in a slightly exasperated condition, and is befriending a forlorn lad, Lazarillo, involves himself in a dual with Lazarillo's master. This leads to his arrest for duelling in Holy Week, and he is sentenced to die, to the grief of Maritana who has taken a fancy to the gay cavalier.

ACT II

Don Caesar sleeps in his cell with the faithful Lazarillo, who has accompanied his benefactor, by his side. The Minister enters and in a famous solo "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," begs to be allowed to die like a soldier instead of being hanged. He is assured that it can be arranged if, in the meantime, he will consent to be married. Anxious to avoid such an ignominious death, Don Caesar consents without knowing

who the bride is to be. The wedding banquet is being served when Lazarillo arrives with a pardon which Jose secures and hides, his scheme being to have Don Caesar shot and then induce Maritana to go to the palace by pretending her husband is there, and then compromise the King. Here, Don Jose, thinking of his affection for the Queen soliloquizes of the past.

Music—"In Happy Moments."

Maritana who has been promised a glorious future if she will consent to wed Don Caesar enters, heavily veiled, and the marriage takes place, after which the guards enter for the execution. Lazarillo however, has drawn the bullets from the guns and when the soldiers fire Caesar is unhurt, but pretends death and later escapes to a ball at the Montefiore palace.

Scene II.—An Apartment in the Montefiore Palace

Under instructions from Don Jose, the Marquis introduces Maritana as his niece. Caesar reaches the palace but fails to find his bride. He sings a melodious song, "There is a Flower," by John McCormack.

Don Jose arranges that Don Caesar shall be presented to the Marchioness, who is closely veiled. The scheme does not work, however, as Caesar hears Maritana's voice and tries to claim her but she is quickly spirited away.

ACT III

Scene I—Apartment in the Palace of The King.

In the last act Maritana is in the palace wondering what is to become of her amid all the conflicting scenes and counter schemes. The Minister introduces the King as Maritana's husband but Caesar suddenly appears and now he boldly demands his bride but Don Jose demands his arrest as an escaped prisoner. Before explanations can be made the King is summoned by the Queen while Don Caesar and Maritana consult together, finally deciding to appeal to the Queen.

Scene II.—Garden of the Palace.

While waiting for her in the palace gardens, Caesar overhears Jose telling Her Majesty that the King has a rendezvous with Maritana that evening. Caesar appears, denounces him as a traitor, and slays him. When the King hears of Caesar's loyalty, he repents of his designs on Maritana and gives her to the hero besides making him Governor of Valencia.

One of our readers has written to this corner requesting house plant slips which she is not in a position to purchase. She would be willing to pay for these slips by knitting as she has an auto-knitter. Perhaps some plant growing reader might be glad to make this exchange. If so, write me—Prairie Woman—903 McCallum-Hill Bldg., and I shall be glad to give the necessary address.

PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Caused Disfigurement, Itchy and Burning, Had Restless Nights.

"My face came out in little pimples that were sore, and I scratched them constantly, and then turned into scabs, causing much disfigurement. The itchy was so bad that I started to scratch myself. The burning was fierce, and I had many restless nights."

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QUERIES

Could any read oblige with the following information?
How to tan a cowhide fur robe?

How to keep roosters' combs from freezing?

How to prevent beaten whites of eggs on lemon pies from falling flat in the oven?

THE END

Lines written on the passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, February 17th, 1919.

(By J. W. C., in the Canadian Magazine.)

An unfamiliar stillness falls,
And gloom o'er mark and street is cast,
While friend greets friend in softened tone,
For let the great tribune hath passed.

Still in his chosen task absorbed,
Though long and hard has been the day,
There came to him the resting-time,
And task and care were put away.

And over all his native land,
From east to west from tide to tide,
The people mourn a famous son,
Who served them well, and serving, died.

Is it regret for service lost
Hath made the eye grow strangely dim,
Or that rare essence of the soul
They miss that drew their hearts to him?

The wider loss they do not heed,
Assured that when the tale is told,
And Time and Truth have marked its place,
The scroll will bear his name in gold.

In days to come, when dawn shall sweep
Across the far horizon's rim,
And touch with glowing light the bronze
Men for remembrance built of him;

Then, as the wakened birds shall sing,
And flowers lift their heads to smile,
The commoner, for whom he wrought,
Before that shrine shall pause awhile.

But now these things seem little words,
They render him from whom they part,
Who lived, who loved, who was beloved,
The richer homage of the heart.

Men meet and say: 'Tis best for him
Thus to be called from strife and fret,
We would not keep him from his rest.'
But as they speak, their cheeks are wet.

"It is the end," His work is done,
Though fields he tiller are yet to reap.
He lies at rest where stately trees
Keep guard about him in his sleep.

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Also reductions in all beef and pork cuts of from 1c to 3c lb.

N. A. COOK, BUTCHER

College Girls Set Fine Example

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. — Vassar College, in rebellion against the elaborate styles of today, has gone on strike, and all over the campus, girls attired in long trailing skirts such as their mothers wore, and with hair slicked back tight into little knots, may be seen dressed for the part they are playing in speaking and singing against the prevailing fashions in coiffures.

The change is so great one would not recognize one's most intimate friend at the college.

Critics, they say, have brought about their own destruction, and ears have not been visible for so long that when they become visible in all the glory of cave-man style today the girls look positively deformed. Yet it seemed almost indecent to see a rich broad expanse of naked ear.

Students wore skirts that touched the ground. Hair was tightly skinned back, and when a girl appeared with her hair fluffed over her ears she was hissed until she retired to bind it back. Those with bobbed heads wore them tight back, plaited with hairpins into tiny knots. Heads are assuming a long forgotten shape.

HIGHLAND

Mr. Percy Blain is living on his Soldiers Grant in Niche Valley. Percy says everything is lovely except the snow.

The Highlanders claim there is no place like Elktion for dances.

Edward seems to think that Calgary weather is the only kind. Stay with it boy.

Mrs. Joe Parnell and daughters are visiting in Calgary.

L. C. W. says it's mighty hard for a

three foot man to battle his way through four feet of snow.

We notice there is a well beaten trail from Moose house to the very near Elktion is it possible or only a rumor. He says one of his horses has been seen there or near there several times lately. Did it have a saddle on Moose?

The deep snow has held up the work some lately. Only caws can be heard lately.

Everyone seems to have lots of feed on hand this winter.

Last week Percy Blain and others from Highland were seen fighting their way home through the three feet which was found between Highland and Pallen Timber School, and zero well it was no worse than that.

Alma Tullie Blain is visiting at Highland with Mrs. H. McKnight.

There used to be a good saddle trail between M. O. place and Elktion but it seems no though the deep snow has changed its course.

Percy says if you're cold why not carry hot rocks in your pocket.

P. Blain, J. Parnell and H. McKnight are doing some good work in the line of cutting and drawing wood.

Albert Olson has been cutting wood in Highland the last few days. We are wondering what became of the old reliable machine of Bergen that used to come up. He also has a patent for sharpening fence posts and at the rate he turns them out it is sure a winner. Now then if we can find a machine for doing call the work.

What is the matter with having a Post Office at Highland as it is hard to plow your own way through the snow in cold weather.

We do not mind when a man uses snow shoes, but lordy when they put them on cows. Maybe we are getting some deep snow but snow shoes, better the climbers so they can eat the foliage.

ELKTON

Mrs. T. G. White of Elktion arrived Wednesday, after a six month visit to England. Welcome home.

Don't forget the 25th at Elktion. Everybody welcome, come and have a real good time.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS AND CLAIMANTS

IN THE ESTATE OF NELLIE MAUD WILSON, late of Didsbury in the Province of Alberta married woman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the above named Nellie Maud Wilson, who died on the 29th day of September, 1920 are required to file with Messrs. Ford, Miller and Harvie, Solicitors for the executor, at the address given below, by the 27th April, 1921, a full statement, duly verified, of their claims and of any security held by them, and that after that date the Executor will distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been filed, or which have been brought to their knowledge.

Dated this 8th March, 1921.

Ford, Miller and Harvie, Solicitors for the Executor, 207 9, Alberta Corner, Calgary Alberta.

AUCTION SALES FOR MARCH

J. W. Phillips, Auctioneer.

Elliot Ranch.....	March 17th
Lee Swingle.....	March 22nd
Phil McNeil.....	March 24th
Henry Hooper.....	March 31st

News and Views

Reading is the greatest factor in education. Get all you can out of the News. But be sure your sight is perfect. It may not distress you now, but the longer you neglect your eyesight the more seriously it will affect your future health and efficiency.

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Meets every Tuesday evening on or before full moon. All visiting brethren welcome.

W. G. Evans, W. M.
A. Fisher, Secretary.



DIDSBURY LODGE No. 18, I.O.O.F.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Didsbury, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting Odd Fellows always welcome.

A. W. Astell, N. G.
S. HARDY, Secretary.

DR. W. MACLE DUNCAN, D. D. S.
Dental Surgeon

Graduate Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

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Business Phone 120
Didsbury, Alberta

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Graduate of Toronto University
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